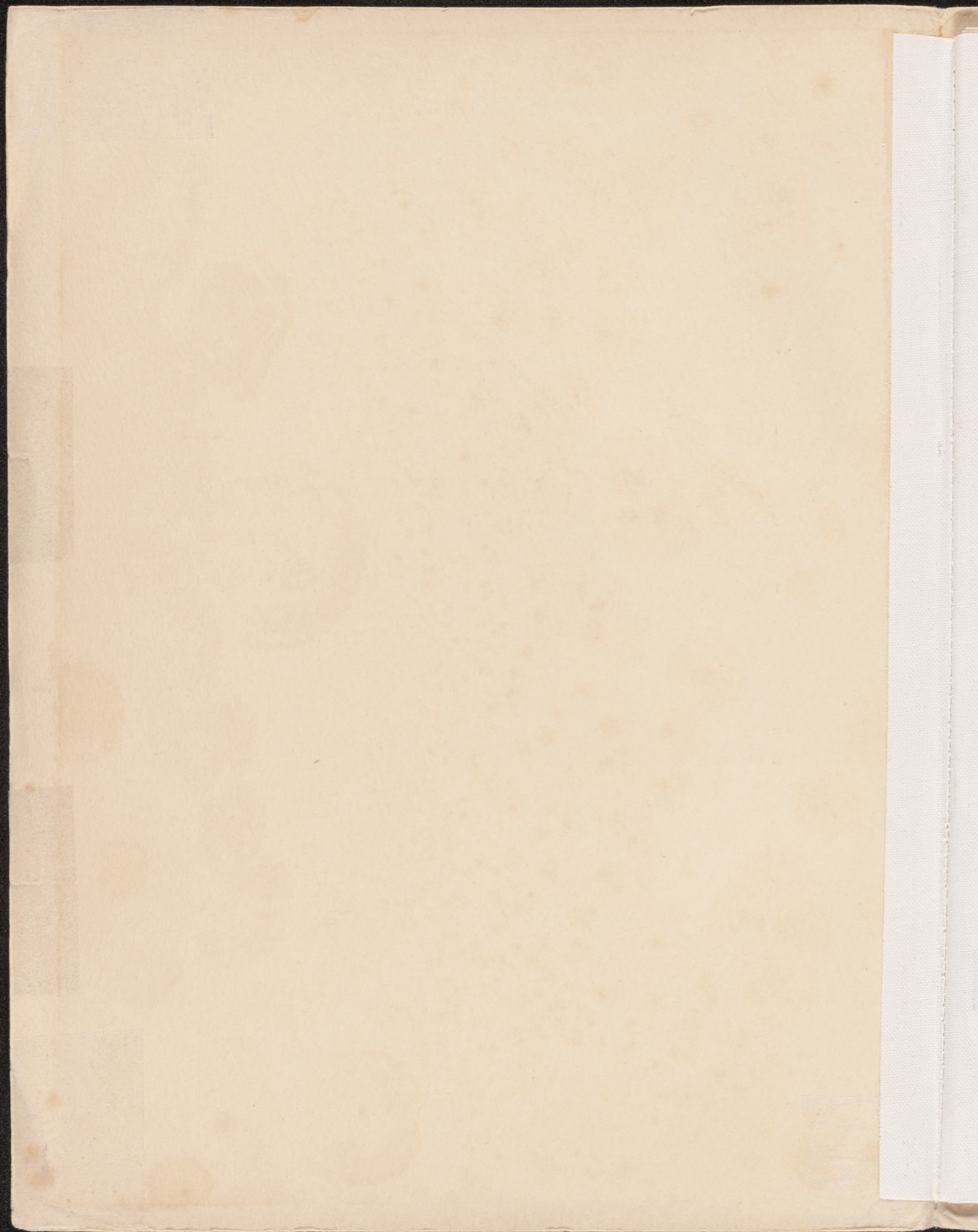


Sotoyomani
80.

JUNE





RIVER SCENE NEAR HEALDSBURG

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THE SOTOYOMAN



TO
MISS VESTA M. CORNISH
OUR FORMER ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR
WHO BY HER ENTHUSIASTIC ZEAL
AND UNTIRING EFFORTS
RAISED OUR VARIOUS SCHOOL ACTIVITIES
TO A PLACE OF PROMINENCE AND MADE
SCHOOL LIFE A REAL PLEASURE -
WE, THE CLASS OF 1908,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS NUMBER OF
OUR SCHOOL PAPER

THE SOTOYOMAN

C

Class of '08

* * *

Motto---'Rowing, Not Drifting

Flower---Red Carnation

Colors---Red and White

* * *

Literary Course

* *

FLOYD PHILIP BAILEY
JESSIE GARDINIER BOSS
AUBREY CLEO BUTLER
LUCILE CONSTANCE COOKE
ADDIE MARIE CRISPIN
RACHEL KATHERINE FISHER
LEWIS EDWARD GREEN
HURWOOD WILSON GRIFFITH
RUBY KATHERINE HARDESTY
HETTY ANGELA KENT
FRANK GUSTAVE MEISNER
BERTHA ALICE STOREY
ROYAL ARNOLD VITOUSEK
OWEN DALLAS WAGERS

* * *

Commercial Course

* *

THEO MARJORIE BROWN
CHESTER WALTER EDGE
LILY ADELAIDE GROVE

d

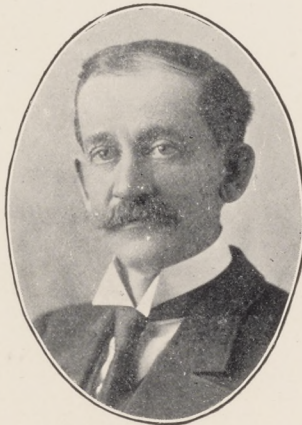
THE SOTOYOMAN



PROF. H. C. HINCHEY



MISS CATHERINE MEYER



PROF. H. R. BULL



MISS ETHEL CHAPIN



MISS MARY LEDDY

THE SOTOYOMAN

e



Rachel K. Fisher.

"Thou wert ever the best natured,
sweetest maiden in the world."

Idurwood Griffith

"Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind."



Royal A. Vitousek

"His voice is steady, low and deep,
Like distant waves when breezes sleep"

Aubrey Butler

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

THE SOTOYOMAN



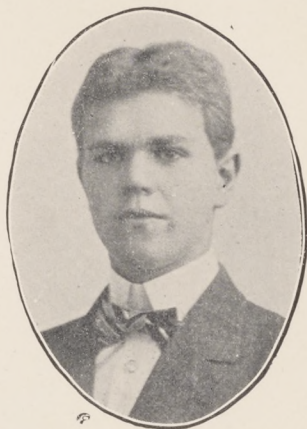
Addie M. Crispin

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
That star-like sparkle in their skies."



Lillian Grove

"The hand that hath made you fair,
hath made you good."



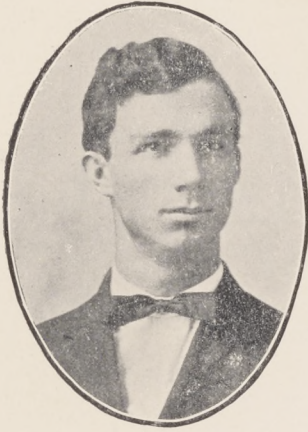
Chester Edge

"When all have done their utmost,
surely he hath given the best who
gives a character erect and constant."



Dallas Wagers

"Of manners gentle,
Of affections mild."



Floyd Bailey

"A modest youth he seems."



L. Constance Cooke

"When pain and anguish wring the
brow,
A patient, ministering angel thou."



Ruby Hardesty

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in
woman."



Bertha A. Storey

"A maiden never bold of speech."

THE SOTOYOMAN



Lewis Green Frank Muisner

"And still they gazed, and still the
wonder grew
That one small head could carry all
he knew."

Of stature slight,
Of nature gay and bright.



Betty Kent.

"And ah! but she's a bonny lass,
As sweet as English air can make her."



Theo M. Brown

"Her voice as the twilight is tender;
Her heart is as open as day."

Jessie G. Boss.

"Her eyes, the stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

Commencement Program

Truitt's Opera House, June 25th

1. Orchestra
2. Invocation - - - Rev. Shearer
3. Cornet Solo - Homer Coolidge
4. Salutation Dallas Wagers, Class Pres.
5. Orchestra
6. Valedictory, "The Weakest Link
Measures the Strongest Chain"
- - - Lewis Green
7. Violin Solo 1st Movement of Concerto
in E Minor
- - - Melville McDonough
8. Address to Class - Judge Seawell
9. Piano Solo, Rhapsodie Hon- Edith Passalacqua
groise No. 6
10. Presentation of Diplomas
Dr. J. R. Swisher, Pres. Board Trustees
11. School Song - - - Students
11. Orchestra

Class Day Program

Assembly Hall, H. B. S., June 22

1. Piano Duet - - - { Jessie Boss
Hetty Kent
2. Recitation, "The Spoopendykes
- - - Rachel Fisher
3. Class Poem - - - Hetty Kent
4. Class History - - - Jessie Boss
5. Class Song, (THEO BROWN) - Class
6. Violin Solo - Melville McDonough
7. Pantomime, "Under the Mistletoe Bough"
- - - Class

CASTE

Bride, (Baron's daughter) Aubrey Butler
 Groom, (Young Lovell) Hurwood Griffith
 Father, - - - Floyd Bailey
 Mother, - - - Constance Cooke
 Minister - - - Royal Vitousek
 Attendants - - - { Ruth Swisher
 Marden Cooke
 Wedding Guests, Peasant Girls, Musicians

8. Prophecy, { Roy Vitousek }
 { Addie Crispin } - Class
 { Aubrey Butler }



CLASS HISTORY

JESSIE G. BOSS



In the year of 1904 on one of those beautiful days in September, a band of thirty students started on a long pilgrimage to reach the world-renowned land of "Graduation."

How happy we were when we started on this journey and how pleased we felt with ourselves and the world, when we entered the old school as verdant Freshmen. As we entered we began to tremble, as we saw before us the stern look of the professor, and then our gaze fell upon those terrible '07 Sophomores, who always returned our kind smile with a laugh. How well we remember the taunts of those Sophomores, when we poor scared Freshmen would get up to recite and make some terrible blunder, to the delight of our attentive listeners.

The first month or so we were treated as Roman martyrs, and many hardships beset our path. We were endangered by parties and gayety but soon settled down to hard work. We were a studious little band, and in our march came to Examination rivers, mountains of History, Latin, and English, but these were bridged safely and we reached the second station of our journey in 1905 as jolly Sophomores.

In September, 1905, we once more entered the schoolroom with a smaller band, as several had already become weary of the journey. How we laughed at the poor Freshmen and what bad records we made, but then what did we care. We were having a good time. We now stopped at the station of Waiting and elected a leader of our band, Dallas, who has served us faithfully for four long years. We had suffered a loss in our Freshmen year by the resignation of our English teacher, G. W. Bartlett, and at this time our popular teacher, Miss Cornish, came from the east to fill the vacancy which was created in the ranks of the faculty. Our English teacher won the hearts and good will of every student by her charming personality and gentle manner, and became endeared to the hearts of all.

Through the help of our new teacher and one of the '07 girls, basket ball became popular and a team was organized in the school. One of the '08 Sophomores was elected business manager, while happy Aubrey took a prominent part in the team.

In our Sophomore year, the student body was organized and out of our band, Dallas was elected president for the year '07. One of the shining lights of our Sophomore year, was the football team, and the track team of the H. H. S. Of course we were proud of our boys, as they took a prominent part on both teams and won many laurels. We had one of the best debaters in our class also, who took an important part in all of the activities of high school life. We now reached another station and were given the name of "hungry" Juniors.

In the year of 1906 we entered a stately abode and once more began our work, which was harder each year. Professor Bull had resigned his office in our Sophomore year and although we mourned his loss and his resignation was regretted by all, we were glad to be able to congratulate Professor G. W. Warren on his appointment to the principalship. Science was put in the hands of an apt preceptress, Miss Diesem, and Miss Cornish's labor was lightened by the assistance of Miss Cleary. We were glad to welcome our new faculty.

Our Junior year was one of the saddest and yet most eventful year of our high school days. At this time, through the untiring interest of Professor Warren, our school added the distinction of being able to offer a gold medal to the most conscientious student, and our classmate, Lewis, received this high honor, adding to the credit of our class.

One of the many events of our Junior year, was a six o'clock dinner, given at the home of Professor Warren, where we were charmingly entertained by himself and wife.

But with all gaiety, sadness must enter, and our school was thrown into the deepest sorrow by the unexpected death of our beloved friend and instructor, Miss Diesem.

"Her suffering ended with the day;

Yet lived she at its close,

And breathed the long, long night away,

In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all its state,

Illumed the eastern skies,

She passed through glory's morning gate

And walked in Paradise".

THE SOTOYOMAN

Soon after this great loss, the '07 Seniors, with the help of the '08 Juniors, gave an entertainment for the benefit fund of our new upright piano which was added to our Assembly Hall.

Commencement exercises, 1907, now occupied everyone's mind, and in June, 1907, we once more crossed the dangerous rivers of Examinations, and reached another station as "mighty Seniors", bearing a banner on which was inscribed—

"Keep pushing, 'tis wiser than sitting aside,
And sighing and watching and waiting the tide;
In Life's earnest battle, they only prevail,
Who daily march onward and never say fail".

Our Senior year was one of the most eventful, our boys doing wonders in athletics as well as our girls, all bringing home cups as trophies, and medals of gold and silver.

Our days were now filled with work and hard study, but with it all, we found time to whisper and giggle, and enjoy the pleasures of life.

Just at this time, deep regret was felt by our class by losing one of our brightest and dearest classmates, Veta, who departed for Colorado, on November 5th, to make her future home and finish her high school education.

On the 28th of May we were given a class day by Professor Bull and the faculty, and we enjoyed a picnic on Mill Creek. Will we ever forget how the Juniors stole our horses but not our lunch?

How well we can see the one poor little Junior tied to a tree after being captured for the penalty of stealing, while the other Juniors safely returned to town, not thinking of the captured one. After receiving his just desserts, he was released and treated royally by the Seniors, and at the same time, was told that our horses had been returned safely through the efforts of our Senior boys.

June 1st, we were charmingly entertained by one of the Junior girls, Una, at her home, and we here give three cheers for Una.

Another never-to-be-forgotten event in the Senior year was a reception given to the '08 class by the jolly '09 Juniors, at Redmen's Hall, June 20th. It was an elaborate affair, and we spent a most enjoyable evening, and we wish to thank the Juniors, and tell them how we appreciate their work and kindness.

The next event planned, was our class night, to be given June 22d, and although an informal evening, we hope to have pleased you, and will let our guests be the judges of our success.

At last we have finished our High School course and seventeen have reached the land of "Graduation", and come to the city of "Diplomaville"; so wishing you all success in future years, we bid the faculty and our classmates, the "best and dearest on earth," adieu.



So Here's to the Seniors

A Toast to Class '08

Wiser than Sophs or Freshmen green
Are the Seniors all so jolly.

Each has a bright ambitious dream,
To realize by and by.

Studious girls and boys we seem,
Tho we love our hours of folly;
So while we are here, let's give a good cheer!
To our classmates of Healdsburg Hi!

Here's to slim young Lewis Green,
With pale, tho smiling looks;
His eyes thru glasses brightly gleam—
He's a boy who loves his books.

His record is the highest one,
He never has been late;
The Valedictory he has won
In jolly class '08!

Here's to a girl so quiet and shy,
Bertha is her name.
Many studious hours she's passed in Hi—
Blest be the day she came.
Her face is fair; her hair is brown;
Her eyes are sweet and shy.
Our good class record won't go down
While she's in Healdsburg Hi!

THE SOTOYOMAN

5

Here's to merry Theo Brown,
Who lives down Windsor way.
Every day she comes to town,
When she doesn't stay away.
Her hair is brown; her face is fair;
Her eyes are sparkling blue:
Of fun and mirth she has her share—
Of tears and trials too!

Here's to the "Boss" of Class '08,
Jessie, she is named,
In her German class she's up to date,
For whispering she is blamed.
She's not very tall; her eyes are brown;
She's a rucgish, saucy lass;
She laughs at home; she laughs down town;
And she laughs and jokes in class.

Here's to handsome Floyd so tall,
Who makes a fine debate.
He's captain of the basketball,
At lessons he is great.
His hair is curly; he's big and strong,
And his eyes are very blue;
In recitation he's never wrong.
He's fine at acting, too.

Here's to the liveliest girl of the class—
Addie, who never gets blue.
She's a laughing, jolly, plump little lass,
And to her friends she's true.
Her eyes are sparkling, large and deep;
Her teeth are flashing white.
When pensive, she is very sweet,
But she teases day and night.

Here's to Royal, the dignified,
In athletics he is keen.
To learn his lessons he has tried,
And the teachers' pet has been.
He's tall and fair with golden hair,
And he knows just how to dance.
Of fun and sport he'll take his share,
Whenever there's a chance.

Here's to Lily of Commercial High;
She's tall and coldly calm,
And when she's thru she'll gladly sigh
And seek relief at home.
For six long years she's studied hard,
And when at last she's thru,
She'll have a fine big report card
And two diplomas too.

Here's to Frank, the class's babe,
Who tries to tease us all.
He plays us pranks of every shade,
From class room into hall.

His dark eyes like the pansies glow;
His hair's of blackest hue;
And everything, he'll surely know
When high school he is though.

Here's to Ruby, late arrived,
The fairest girl we know.
Her ready blush and winning smile
Will ever come and go.
Here's to her violet-colored eyes,
Expressive of much good.
Her studious efforts will make her wise
As good thoughts ever should.

Here's to our swimmer champion,
His name is Chester Edge.
He's always a good companion,
Exams, he never dreads.
He studies his lessons hard and long;
He must be the teacher's joy,
For he seldom gets anything wrong,—
He's such a good young boy.

Here's to Rachel, whose auburn hair
Aglint with golden light
Distinguishes her everywhere,
Around her face so bright.
Much poetry can she recite,
And medals has she won;
In company, she's most polite
And adds to all the fun.

Here's to another little maid,
She's proper and cunningly sly;
Her name is Connie, and be it said,
Once she winked her eye.
Of the Sotoyoman she's editor—
To do her best she'll try.
It surely is a credit to her
And to the Healdsburg High.

Here's to Dallas, whose serious face
Is sometimes seen to smile;
With the rest of the class he keeps in pace
For he can sprint almost a mile.
In the social life of Healdsburg Hi
He takes an active share
Besides being president of this class,
In deportment he's more than fair.

Here's to dark-eyed Aubrey
Who is a naughty tease;
She tilts her chin so saucily
Till teacher bids her cease.
She laughs and whispers all her days.
She's musical and tall;
The only senior girl—that plays
The game of Basket Ball.

THE SOTOYOMAN

Here's to Hurwood of bone and muscle
 The high pole vaulting boy;
 Those that oppose him have to hustle
 And he is the pet and joy
 Of all the girls in the Senior class
 For his eyes are deep and dark,
 In deportment he may not pass—
 He's such a gay young spark.

Here's to Hetty, so small and pert,
 Who whispers across the aisle.
 We fear she will become a flirt,
 She does so often seem to smile.
 To play the piano is her delight
 And books she will forget;
 And when she finds she can't recite
 It makes her weep and fret.

(Conclusion.)

Oh classmates dear,
 The time is here,
 To bid you all good bye!
 To teachers, too,
 We'll say adieu,
 And to the dear old High!
 Old schoolmates kind,
 We leave behind,
 Your lives may Heaven bless!
 Here's to your health!
 Here's to your wealth!
 And here's to your success!

—HETTY KENT



CLASS PROPHECY

AUBREY BUTLER ADDIE CRISPIN
 ROYAL VITOUSEK

CASTE:

Imperator Augustas. Plebians. Naughty-eight
 faction, brought to trial on suspicion. Lictors.
 Twenty Senators. Plebians—
 Oneum Wageribus Floydius Bairum
 Royal Vittiorum Frankius Meiserlous
 Hurwoodius Griffibus Chester Edgeidiorum
 Leweum Greenum Lilliae Grovium
 Theodoriueruis Brownes Ruben Hardistae
 Constantine L. Cookiae Rachillius Fishimorum
 Henrittiitee Kentis Berthibius Storum
 Jessae Bossae Addios Crispeniae

Aubreo Buttreo

Act I.

ROMAN SENATE.

23 B. C.—(Junei Midnight session of the Roman
 Senate). Senators seated in Senate. En-
 trance of Consul, attended by lictors.
 Consul—Friends, Citizens, and Senators of

Rome, our most high and noble Augustus Octavius
 did convene you this day to try our most detestable
 enemies, the faction Naughty-eight, they having
 conspired against the sacred government of our
 Seven Hills; and it lies in our power to pass judg-
 ment upon them for their most treasonable actions.

(Imperator Augustus—Entrance.) Imp.—Have
 you informed the Senate of your desire?

Consul—I have, most worthy Augustus.

Imp.—Proceed!

Consul commands Lictors:

Lictor—Floydibus Bairum.

Con.—Your charge, worthy Imp.

Imp.—Most honorable Consul and Senators,
 hear. I do accuse Floydius Bairum of persistently
 seeking society disapproved by us and a certain
 other party interested. Queening is a capital
 offense; consider this well, fellow Senators.

Senators—Aye! aye! We forget not insults to
 our government.

Imp.—Again, worthy Senators and Consul, I accuse him of secretly admiring his curly lock, and this is foreign to a Roman citizen. Again, during his second year of residence in our midst, of way-laying and secreting our weakest member, the honorable Frankie Mack, in the high dome of this most venerable building, where we found him dissolving in tears. For these gross offenses I do beg of you to pass judgment upon him.

Consul—Now, Floydus, this queening has gone on long enough; call it off, Kid! Shorn of thy curly locks thou shalt be banished to South Africa, where, seated up in a palm tree, thy eyes shall forever be tormented with seeing the curly locks of the natives, and the beaming sun will in time melt thee like thy victim. Such is the judgment of this court. 23 for thou!

Lictor—Henrietteae Kentis.

Imp.—Thou art accused with filling the ears of our members with discordant sounds produced by the action of thy fingers over the keys of the pianibus— (Shouts of Senators—Guilty).

Consul—Thou art doomed to the Bostimian Musickiorum Conservi to everlastingly pound those pearly keys to the misery of thine own self. (Get off the earth!).

Consul—Next prisoner.

Lictor—Frankinus Meiserlourous.

Imp.—I herewith charge thee with continually tormenting the fair critters of this sedate society. Thou art too fond of the H_2S , and wish to import this sweet odor to this assembly hall, to the dismay of Cathaline M.

Consul—Guilty or not guilty?

Senators—Guilty! Guilty!

Consul—Your doom shall be to run gas machines, which shall carry the jesters of this earth to everlasting fire and brimstone. Honk! Honk!

(Lictor brings next prisoner).

Lictor—Rachillitus Fishimorum.

Imp.—Rachillitus Fishimorum, thou hast been accused of many crimes, O wicked one! Firstly, thy pride, which displays itself even as thou standest before us. Mark this, it has proven thy downfall! Secondly, thou dost talk when others hear thee, thou casteth a spell over them. I curse thee, thou witch! What thinkest thou, my Senators?

Senators—Aye, Aye!

Imp.—Doom her to be everlastingly surrounded by vile talking machines and drown out the sound of her bewitching tongue.

Senators—Split her tongue!

Imp.—No, not to hear her own voice will be punishment enough.

Lictor—Bring in Hurwoodius Griffibus.

Imp.—Hurwoodius, thou art accused of forever keeping Marryus Ledduim in a state of tormentum. Thy notes, altho carried by the underground railway system, were discovered by the eagle eye of Miss C.

Senators—Yes, Yes!

Consul—Thou shalt go to South America, where thou must labor among the natives. There thou shalt wed a fair native maid of the tribe Deltonius. Back to the woodius.

Lictor—Lilliae Grovium.

Consul—Twice thou hast been brought before this judgment bar, and thy hunt for knowledge shalt at last be recognized, thou shalt labor among the books in the Bank of Windsor.

Lictor—Bring in Chesterius Edgeidiorum.

Imp.—Thou hast been seen swimming too often in the private baths of the God of Russian River. For this I accuse thee.

Senators—Down with the villain!

Consul—Swimming forever shall be thy fate.

In eighty days thou must swim around the world. Duck him quick. Lictors bring in Theoderius Brownes.

Imp.—Thy merry heart hath led thee to be judged of a serious offense. In our august assemblage our leaders' ears were pierced by the frequency of thy laughter.

Senators—'Tis true. 'Tis true.

Consul—Beautiful woman, in the far-away town of Windsor is being prepared a home for thy laughing spirit, to which we hereby banish thou. Heed my warning. Keep it clean, for inspectors shall visit it, who shall report to our government. Peace be with thy laughter.

Lictor—Berthibus Storum.

Consul—Thy charge?

Imp.—“Birds of a feather flock together.” We did admire thy quiet and conservative spirit, but seeing thee associated with the Naughty-eight faction, we do fear and judge thy conduct.

Senators—Treacherous! Treasonable!

Consul—Thy lot shall be to incessantly cram knowledge into the heads of others. And thou shalt be feared, for words shall fail incoherently from thy lips. Bring in the next.

Lictor—Leweum Greenum.

Imp.—Leweum Greenum, I charge thee with overconceit, for on thy breast thou wearest a piece of gold with over-much pride. Such pride cannot be overlooked. But of much greater weight is thy conduct at our annual merrymaking. In thy position as driver of our chariot, thou neglected to

place extra springs beneath our seats, and in driving o'er the hills and down the lea, we were much jostled. Ye also neglected to place our noble steeds in a safe and secretive place, and they were stolen away by one of the Junior demons who was envious of our merrymaking. These are the charges which I bring against thee.

Senators—Away with him! To the woods!

Consul—Thou shalt labor in perpetual gloom among grinning electrical machineries giving light to others but thyself in utter darkness. Lictors, take him off and bring on Jeesae Bossae.

Senator—O, worthy Imp, full well I know the faults of this fair conspirator. Each morning as our Senate sat in the Forum, it was impossible to maintain order. All her fellow Senators were nervous wrecks from the endurance of her frivolous actions and noisy, careless speech.

Consul—Are those charges sufficient, noble Augustus?

Imp.—Aye, worthy Consul.

Consul—These serious charges will be met with as serious a punishment.

Thou shalt be enclosed by the four walls of Mills College where thou shalt learn the fine points of restrictions. Thy wish to be noisy shall be gratified. Sounds that are discordant to thine own ears shall be produced upon the pipe-organ.

Lictor—Reuben Hardistae.

Consul—What's the offense, Augie dear?

Imp.—Even as the last creature was too noisy, even so is this one too weak of voice. Its speech is greatly marred by much quivering of voice and its cheeks are forever turning red. This necessitates the straining of the Senator's ears. For this we charge him.

Consul—A very grave charge, indeed. What is the will of the Senators?

Senators—The penalty—the full penalty.

Consul—Back to Nevada with thee. To overcome this enormous fault in thy vocal organs, go to the desert and talk to the sands, there thy cheeks will tan and thy blushes no more be seen. Next victim.

Lictor—Constantine Cookiae.

Consul—Your charge, most mighty Imperator.

Imp.—I see before me Constantine Cookiae; it is indeed hard to sentence you to everlasting misery, one who possesses so many good and noble qualities, but, ah! the very fact that you belonged to this sinful faction would bring you to grief—and you have also committed many follies. You entice the attention of a tall, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired subject from his daily lessons in Science. We were

much annoyed. On many occasions you were conspicuous by your absence from certain important sessions, and upon your whereabouts being traced you were found in the Dressmakerius Palior bedecking yourself with finery. Ah, me! such frivolousness. You would steal softly from the room, very often upon the pretense that your travels were important.

Consul—This is sad, sad, what will become of us all? In the month of Augustinian ye pack up that leathern suit case of which you are so proud and take thyself to the great city where nothing but sickness shall loom before thine eye. Your suit case shall become worn and battered and you shall cover your gray, straggled locks with a cap and a short skirt shall reveal the smallness of thy feet.

Lictor—Aubrib Butrio.

Imp.—Most honorable Consul and Senators, I blush to think of the awfulness of the crimes of this person. She has thought very slightly of our august meetings, always being ready to cut them. On two occasions she was seen on the high and lofty Fitch Mountain and again in the castle of Truoriun dancing, while the Senate was in session. Always too ready to indulge in sport and especially in our national game of basket ball. These are faults that should banish her, should they not, Worthy Senators?

Senators—Right, august, always right!

Consul—Oh, terrible will be thy punishment! you have always been too fond of society, so of this I will deprive you. You shall be taken to the hills where you shall live forever. Chickens and pumpkins shall be thine only companions.

Royalie Vitiorum.

Imp.—By the lightness of your tread I know you to be Royalie Vitiorum. Have I not for four long years heard the echoes from thy two small feet in the halls and on the stairs? Didst thou not aid this rebellious faction in taking the strawberries from innocent infants of this monarchy, and only one short month ago you journeyed forth to take by foul means the ice cream from the Freshiemorus. O, ye must surely suffer for thy sins. The greatness of them appal me. From early morn to late at night you talked incessantly to fair Constantine, ah me!

Consul—O, Royalie Vitiorum, I have lain awake at nights thinking of the cruelty of your deeds, and thinking of a just punishment. We have decided that you shall spend four long, weary years in drudgery behind the prison walls of the Berkeleyi

Universus. Then banished for life time in the gloomy mines of Southern Africa.

Lictor—Adios Crispinae.

Imp.—Ye gods! The greatness of this creature's offenses appal me. At our most sacred sacrifice of the Lupracal she strolled in upon us and with great noise and much talking distracted the minds of our followers from their worship, and upon being reprimanded smiled at the priest, causing that most venerable person to forget his ritual. For this sacrilege a due calamity will surely fall upon us good people of Rome.

Consul—Senators, what think ye?

Senators—Bravo, Bravo.

Consul—Lictors, seize that woman and cast her into a dungeon under close guard. We have traitors in our midst. Your expression, worthy Senators.

Senators—Guilty! Treasonable!

Consul—To find one in our city deliberately, yet without cause, disturbing the peace of our citizens is indeed a grievous offense. Woman, thou shalt roam the earth with no ambition, but to thine own disgust shall care incessantly for those that are failing. Never shall a smile flit across thy face, nor shall ye utter words, for thou hast already brot great troubles on this earth. Bend thy head in humility and depart.

Imp.—Bring on the leader of this rebellious faction, the most villainous of all villains. By Jove! The traitor is in our hands at last, Oneium Wageribus.

Senators—Three cheers for the repose of his soul. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Imp—Thy very actions were treacherous, for "with smiling face and frowning heart" you crept into our midst and by treasonable acts destroyed our sweet peace. Fellow Senators, you remember that in the midst of one of our sessions, he did decoy the most honored four members to Fitch Mountain and did frivolously pass the time away, ignoring our commands. Oh, treacherous one! In our council he did sit saying nothing, yet with an attitude that implied superior knowledge and did thus balk our plans. We know not of crimes worse than this.

Senators—Torture to such miserable actions. Aye! Aye!

Consul—"The wound of a friend cuts deeper than that of an enemy", but when wounded by a false friend, O, revenge and hatred rancors in the heart and, eats out all good will. Oneium Wageribus, the awful solemnness of this hour oppresses me, for thou art doomed. To the world of commerce ye shall go, and, tormented by imps of trouble, shall pass judgment on all who are false friends to thine own sorrow. Ye shall gain great wealth, but it will be as a loadstone crawling you down to destruction. Oh! man with the sweet face and black heart, gather thy followers around thee and send them to meet their fates. Friends, Senators and Romans, give me your ears. If you don't, these people will steal them. You have this day listened to the judgment of the court. It has been very impartial.

Class Song

THEO M. BROWN

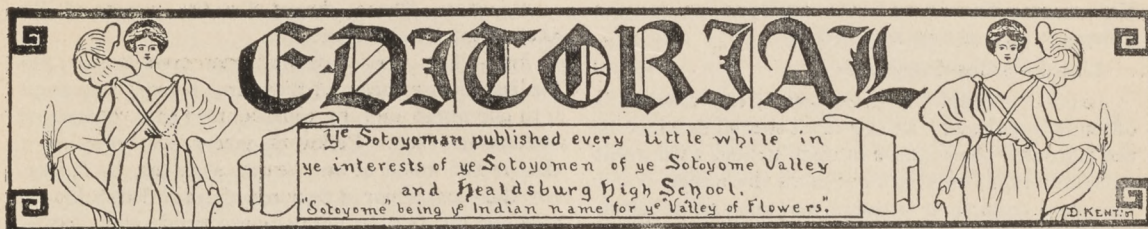
[Tune—College Life].

O let us sing, till voices ring,
Of the days that are past and gone.
Our high school days were happy ones,
But now they are past and gone.
We laughed and whispered the long days thru;
And make believe study our lessons, too.
The work we did was a wonder to see.
Oh, Healdsburg High, the school we love,
The school we hate to leave.

Our reputations are notorious;
We always do to others
As we would not have them do to us.

Chorus:

Bring back the days of the golden past,
Those dear old high school days;
Bring back the classmates we used to know,
The days we never knew care or strife, Ra! Ra!
Who've rowed, not drifted on.
How we long again for dear old high school days.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Constance Cooke	Editor
Dallas Wagers	Business Manager
Fred Young, '09	Assistant
Rachel Fisher	Alumni
Addie Crispin	Social
Floyd Bailey }	Joshes
Roy Vitousek }	
Lewis Green	Exchanges

We, the class of June, 1908, respectfully dedicate this Senior number of the Sotoyoman to our beloved friend and former teacher, Miss Vesta M. Cornish. By her helpful assistance the Sotoyoman was established as our school paper, and through her enthusiastic efforts basket ball was introduced into Healdsburg High, and the scope of athletics greatly broadened.

Four long years of study brightened by an occasional merrymaking or social gathering, have suddenly drawn to a close, and we find ourselves on the pleasant, yet sad threshold of "graduation."

As we look back through the past, happy memories come thronging into our minds; we can well remember that warm September day when we, as Freshmen, a band of thirty strong, entered upon our high school career. The four years ahead of us seemed long indeed. Oh! how we envied those spiteful Sophomores, who took such pleasure in laughing at us and in making school life miserable for us. If we had only been Sophomores the journey before us would not have seemed so great or the path so rugged and difficult. But as "time and tide wait for no man", we found ourselves Sophomores when we could scarcely realize it. Then when we were "Jolly Sophomores" we held our heads somewhat higher and slightly tilted and looked down upon our successors, the infants with an air of "Don't-you-wish-you-were-us." But we soon learned that there was truly no cause for pride for we would never count for much in high school life until we became Juniors. Our desire

was soon satisfied, for having successfully completed the Sophomore stage of our career, we climbed a round higher and at the same moment were called Juniors. That term was a happy one and will long be remembered for its jolly times. Yet, with it all came a wee longing for the time to come when we should be THE class, or when our schoolmates would look up to us with reverence, and submission—for would we not be Dignified Seniors then? It was as though we had rubbed the fabled lamp of Alladdin—for all at once our dreams came true, and in September, 1907, we assumed our places of authority. Yet alas, the term has fled away all too soon, and with hearts full of sadness we linger about the schoolroom—then, with hesitating footsteps, depart.

Someone may ask, "Is this all your high school life has meant to you?" With one accord we emphatically answer, "No!" In fact, if we were to enumerate all the benefits we have derived from our four years' active service, we feel that the task would not be done full justice to.

The education we have received is to be valued greatly, yet this is far from all. The number of historical dates we actually remember and the amount of learning received from our text books is of small importance when compared with the training we have gotten in self-control, appliance, punctuality and deportment. As our former principal, Mr. G.W. Warren, so often told us "punctuality" is one of the most essential things in life. How many people have gone to a life beyond simply

through the carelessness of a tardy fellow-being! How many persons there are who have lost a fortune or missed a life of usefulness and happiness by being just a moment behind time! Again, as Mr. Bull has so often told us, one's character does not so much depend on what he knows merely, but upon his practice of self-control and good deportment. From our four years of high school work we have only begun to know how to study, to know the value of application. We can now comprehend what a vast and important part of life education is. The search after knowledge can only be entered upon by one with zeal. Our final success is not due so much to ability as to zeal, as experience has shown, for the winner proves to be he who gives himself body and soul to the work. Our high school training has taught us how to think, and thinking leads man to knowledge. One may hear and see and read and learn as much as he please, but he will know nothing except that which he has thought over, that which, by thinking, he has made the property of his mind.

"The efforts given in tracing wisdom's ways

"Gird on the armor for the coming days

"Of toil and strife, and when the race is run,
"We sigh to think that we have scarce begun."

The intrinsic value of our diplomas is small indeed. We prize them for what they stand for: effort, zeal, study, endurance, etc.

Here we desire to thank our present faculty, who have borne us "rowing, not drifting" safely over our last year of the stream of high school life. Their task has not been easy for with one exception, the teachers were all new at the beginning of the year. But we have enjoyed our last days with our schoolmates and teachers and with feelings of sadness we bid them each and all farewell, a fond farewell.

Oh, Healdsburg High, Oh, Healdsburg High,

These days we'll ne'er forget.

The golden haze of student days

Is round about us yet.

These happy days have passed away,

But thru the future years

The thought of you so good and true,

Will fill our eyes with tears.

The thought of you, so good and true,

Will fill our eyes with tears.



Senior Alphabet

CONSTANCE COOKE

A is for Aubrey, the pride of the class,
Also for Addie, a merry, blithesome lass;
B stands for Bertha, modest and coy;
C is for Chester, our one commercial boy;
Next comes D, Dallas, it means,
Whose every effort toward goodness leans;
E signifies the E's that we've won on our ex's;
F, Frank, who his teacher vexes.
G is for geometry, the student's delight;
We'll put H for Hurwood, who always does right.
Hetty begins with H; she's good and true;
I stands for "Idlers", though we have but few.
Jessie, our cutest, claims the J;
The "Knowledge" we've gained, begins with K.
Lewis and Lily have each an L;
M is for Miss Meyer, if no one will tell.

N and O for neatness and order, kept;
P,—Physics, problems, at which we're adept.
You all know Q,—its "quizzes" to be sure;
Then there's R for Ruby, in studies never poor.
Rachel and Royal an R each claim,
And both in oratory have won lasting fame.
S,—those seventeen Seniors to greet,
For T, there's Theo, fair and sweet.
U is for Una, though she's an '09,
She invited us all to her house to dine;
V stands for Veta, our loved schoolmate,
Who's left sunny California for a sister state;
W is for the "work" we've accomplished here;
X, Y and Z have no meaning for us I fear.
And now after all has been said—I guess,
You know little more, but surely no less.

DIRECTORY FOR 1908

NAME	NICKNAME	DISPOSITION	FAILING	PECULIARITY	HOBBY	BY-WORD	FAVORITE SONG	DESTINY
Aubrey Butler----	Turvy	Lively	Tardiness	Gracefulness	Basket Ball	Fudge!	When You Know You're Not Forgotten	Teacher
Addie Crispin----	Gypsy	Merry	Cutting	Her Laugh	Pennants	Oh, Shoot!	I've Lost My Doggie	Nurse
Bertha Storey----	Betsy	Modest	Silence	Quietness	Rowing	Heaven's sake!	Dearie	Normal
Constance Cooke----	Woddles	Prudent	Note-writing	You know	Sotoyoman	Bugs!	Dreaming	Nurse
Chester Edge----	Sister Edge	Solid	Hard to tell	Eyes	Swimming	Oh, Mercy!	In Summer Time Down by the Sea	Commercial Man
Dallas Wagers----	Funny Boy	Reserved	Eating peanuts	Smile	Collecting Dimes	Oh My!	It's the Smile	College
Frank Meisner----	Pretzel	Mischievous	teasing fair sex	Ask him	Autos	Gee Whiz!	Teasing--In My Merry Oldsmobile	Chauffeur
Floyd Bailey----	Jimmie	Interesting	Queening	Curls	Football	?-!-!?!-!-!?	Honey Boy	Mining Engineer
Hettie Kent----	Dot	Deliberate	Writing Poetry	There's none at all	Music	Heavens!	I'm Wearing My Heart Away For You	Normal
Hurwood Griffith--	Sheet	Quiet	Flirting	Undetermined	Handing in En- glish papers	????!?!?	Some Day When My Dream Came True	College
Jessie Boss-----	Pete	Independent	Whispering	Spunk	Souvenirs	Poodle dog!	Won't You Be My Baby Boy	Musician
Lewis Green-----	Greenie	Diligent	Joshing	Hard to say	Looking wise	Stung again	Nobody Loves Little Me	Mining Engineer
Lillian Grove-----	Lily	Masterful	Smiling	Shyness	Drawing	?	Dear Old College Days	Bookkeeper
Rachel Fisher----	Toddles	Loving	Guess what?	Hair	Oratory	Search me!	By the Light of the Moon	College
Roy Vitousek-----	Vitty	Changeable	Playing	Feet	Debating	Great Scot!	Love Me and the World is Mine	Civil Engineer
Ruby Hardesty----	Scoogan	Proper	Laughing	Elushing	Studying	Oh, dear!	Home, Sweet Home	Missionary
Theo Brown-----	Thunie	Impetuous	Giggling	Laugh	Buggy-riding	Good land!	Everybody's Darling	Stenographer



CLASS WILL



Doctor—You must die.

'08—O! Must we die? Our life has been such a happy one. Must we leave them all? Ah me! cruel fate! to serve us thus when we had just attained our maturity. We have enjoyed it all; our labors have been hard but our reward is great, and our pleasures many. Ah! it is hard, hard to leave them all.

Doctor—Yes, you must go; it is indeed sad for one so youthful and promising as 1908; but the other world holds greater possibilities, and the future calls you on. Do not exert yourself unnecessarily, as you may be taken away before your will is made. Shall I call your attorney?

'08. Yes! Yes! We feel the tide of life ebbing fast—cruel fate! cruel fate!

Attorney—Most high and mighty 1908, greeting to thee. Do not despair. The end must come to all things, and your conciliation should be that you have so lived that you go not to the other world as a quarry slave scourged to his dungeon, but soothed by the thought that your work has been executed faithfully and well, and your rewards in the future world shall be of the highest.

'08—Yes! Yes! but our will—

Attorney—Yes, we will proceed,

'08—First of all, we leave our places in this building, our rightful house for four long years. O! dear old home, how can we leave you? But it must be, it must be. Our vacant seats shall be filled by those who have coveted them for the past happy year, the Juniors. We leave them, but it is with heavy hearts that we see them take our places. The chemistry room, we also leave to them. In the shells, they will find the soap made by us. On the walls, are our aprons; in the lockers you will find our lamps, tubes, stop-clocks and acids. Treat them all kindly, dear Juniors; we loved them well. We leave to you, also, our beloved instructor, Professor Bull. Be kind to him, he hath the endurance of Job, and smiles bravely through many a storm and cloud.

Second, we leave all our contemplated pleasure regarding the cups that '08 has taken an active part in winning to our followers, hoping that year by year they will add more to the collection.

Third, we bequeath in behalf of the Sotoyoman

staff, all their burdensome duties to those proving themselves worthy of them.

Fourth, we bequeath, in behalf of the Chairman of Congress, the rostrum, and may the next chairman perform his duties as ably as has his predecessor.

Fifth, to the coming Seniors we leave our dear old typewriters, esteemed so highly by us and hope the coming Seniors will prize them as we have.

Sixth, to the hungry Juniors we leave anything good to eat, all picnic horses, and also rope required to tie them down.

Seventh, to Miss Chapin and the Geometry class we leave our best wishes, and hope that the latter will not have to be scattered around the room on account of their uncontrollable tendency to talk.

Eighth, to Miss Leddy, we leave the period, afternoon, and we hope that the next year's Seniors will give less annoyance in the study hall.

Ninth, to Miss Meyer we leave our poor, but well meant attempts, and may they hold their place of honor on the walls of the drawing room until time blots them from view.

Tenth, to Mr. Hinchey we leave our only regret that when he returns '08 will be no more.

Eleventh, to the Juniors we leave our frivolity. let them enjoy themselves while they are, it will be their best chance.

Twelfth, to the boys in the school we leave our hearty congratulations, and trust that the next year's athletic team will be as successful as this year's has been.

Thirteenth, to the girls we leave all our enthusiasm in basket ball, and hope that a new team will be formed next year.

Fourteenth, to all concerned we leave our pride in the school and surroundings.

Fifteenth, to the whole school we leave all good luck that has attended us on our high school career.

Sixteenth, and to Dolphi, we leave peace.

Seventeenth, And to all teachers and pupils we leave our good luck! May the school ever increase in size and may each class strive to surpass in number ours, next to the largest that has ever graduated from the Healdsburg High School, up to the present time.

We hereby renounce and declare void all wills made before by us and we constitute and appoint Mr. Hinchey sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof we the testators have to this

will placed our hands and seal this twenty-second day of June, nineteen hundred and eight.

Witnessed:

ADDIE CRISPIN
THEO M. BROWN

H. H. S. ALUMNI

Ethel Ferguson, '06, has attended the Santa Rosa Business College this term.

Among the Commercial students we have had with us this past term are, Nina Lue '06, Lilian Grove, '06, and Daisy Silberstein, '04.

Florence Wright, '05, and Ruby Walker, '06, are clerking in Rosenberg & Bush's dry goods store.

Prudence Lewis, '03, is teaching near Guerneville.

Mamie Schwab, '04, taught in the Primary school this year.

Ethel White and Antionette Luce, '04, after completing the Normal course, accepted positions as teachers.

Julian Rosenberg, '94, is in Ed Norton's law office.

Bessie Wolfe, '06, is still clerking in Von Tilow's stationery store.

Vira Sandborn, '06, is one of San Jose's Normal graduates this year.

Hilda Kent, '07, attended the U. C. this term.

Fred Newsom, '04, is in Healdsburg at present.

Adelma Walters, '04, was a teacher in the Geyersville school this year.

Alice Day, '05, is now Mrs. Albert Wagers, and Violetta Mayes is Mrs. Elmer Raymond, both of Healdsburg.

Ella Bartlett, '04, is visiting in town at present.

Dorothy Kent, Ynez Whitney, '07, Ethel Woods, Jessie Smith, Candace Wagers, '05, Hazel Baker, '04, have remained at their homes in this city.

Thurman Wisecarver is the only '06 representative at the California University.

Margaret Lannan '01, is bookkeeper for Passalacqua & Cook.

Daisy Richardson '02, was teacher at the Grant school again this term.

Derral Wagers, '02, is in business in this city.

Fred Barnes, '02, is clerking in a drug store in Cloverdale.

J. Walter Seawell, '97, is one of Healdsburg's prominent doctors.

Maude Newland, '97, is now Mrs. G. S. Gunn.

Ida Waterman, '04, taught in the Sonoma school again this year.

Bert McDonough, '07, is a plumber in San Francisco.

Russell Gallaway, '03, is in business in Sacramento.

Gloves

Ladies' Double Tip
Long Silk Gloves,
black, white, brown,
dependable quality,
\$1.25 pair

Tan Hose

Good assortment of
Tan hose, plain, lace
and emb., 25c pair

The Elite Toggery

LADIES' AND GENTS'
FURNISHINGS
AND
CLOTHING

Byington & Wilson

Men's Suits

Our \$15 Special
Suits are the best
that can be had
at the price

Young Men's

Latest College Cut
Suits at \$15.00



EXCHANGE NOTES.



"Dictum Est" from Red Bluff, your paper is up to its usual standard this month. The story entitled "The Pot" is well written, but we find a total lack of cuts.

"The Polytechnic." You have a fine large paper. Your departments are all well carried out, and your paper as a whole is interesting.

From San Jose comes "The Bell". You are one of our best exchanges. Your paper is neat and we think that it adds to a paper not to have ads on the front pages. Your literary departments are very good.

"Omnigraph". Your cover design is good, but we don't think it appropriate for a paper cover. You are one of our most regular exchanges and we hope to receive all future issues.

"The Porcupine," of Santa Rosa, is one of our best exchanges this month. The stories are well written and the joshes excellent. A few more cuts would improve the appearance of your paper.

"The Dragon" from Greenfield, Ohio, is another well arranged paper. Are continued stories best for a school paper? We think not.

"The La Revista" of Ventura has an attractive cover. Your literary departments are excellent and joshes amusing. We hope you will come again.

The last issue of the "Bitter Root" from Missouri is excellent considering the fact that it is

issued so often. A few more department cuts would add to the appearance of your paper.

"The Oak" from Visalia is up to its usual standard. The stories entitled "Room-mates" and "A thousand years from now" are very interesting.

"The Richmond Rodeo," is a very good paper for the first issue. With exception of a lack of an exchange list, your paper is quite complete. Your stories are interesting and well written.

You, "Tomahawk," of Ferndale, are welcome to our exchange table. Your stories are interesting but rather short. Your department cuts are fine.

The "Wa Hoo" from Alleghany has interesting stories, and amusing jokes, but where are your department cuts?

We welcome you, "Golden Bear" from Sonoma Valley, to our exchange table. You are a neat little paper and well arranged. We would suggest a separate heading for your exchange list.

We would suggest that the "Polytechnic" Journal" use better quality of paper. With this exception, you have a good little paper.

The fleet edition of "The Lowell" is very interesting. Your cover design is very appropriate and your department cuts are the best of our many exchanges this month. We would, however, suggest that continued stories not be printed in school papers.

SENATE NOTES

During the various meetings of Congress this year much interest has been taken, not only in keeping our Congress alive, but in making the meetings interesting. The speakers have from time to time shown a decided improvement and we are glad that we can bestow part of the credit, for the betterment of our Congress to several of the

members of the Freshmen and Sophomore classes.

Among the bills debated upon are, the one appropriating \$50,000,000 for the building of four battleships; another providing for the exclusion of the Coolie class of Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, and one removing the tariff on all articles produced in the Philippine Islands.



SOCIAL NOTES.



S.D.G. '09

JUNIOR RECEPTION

The graduates were entertained Saturday evening, June 20th, by the Junior class, at the Red Men's hall. This was an unusually brilliant party and as the Junior class is one of the of great artistic ability and are renowned entertainers, it was unique. The two classes have been comrades ever since the Juniors entered our midst as Freshmen.

A short program was given, but the most of the evening was spent in a social time. New games were introduced and proved very entertaining.

At a late hour, after dainty refreshments were served, the guests took their departure amid cheers that made their hearts glad. Pretty and appropriate souvenirs were made by the Junior girls and the decorations were profuse.

HIGH SCHOOL PICNIC

The annual High School Picnic will take place Saturday, June 27th, on Mill Creek. The conveyances and refreshments will be furnished by the students, and parents and teachers as well as members of the Alumni are cordially invited.

SENIOR CLASS SUPPER

The Class supper will take place immediately following the Class Day exercises, in the Science laboratory. A spread that will tempt the gods has been prepared for the ever hungry Seniors. Farewells will be spoken by the classmates who have labored and played together through their dear old High School days.

WILL GILGER ENTERTAINS.

The Gilger home on West Grant street was a scene of merriment Friday evening, June 11th, when Will entertained a large number of his class-

mates on the lawn. The hours passed all too quickly for the pleasure lovers in games, music and conversation, and it was a late hour when they trooped home, each declaring he had the best time ever, and that Will was certainly a "good fellow." Those invited were: Grace Butler, Audrey Butler, Addie Crispin, Ella Beeson, Helen Meisner, Mary Meisner, Helen Jones, Una Williams, Crystal Gallaway, Jessie Boss, Audry Walters, Bera Mothorn, Kathleen Swisher, Rachel Fisher, Constance Cooke, Hetty Kent, Bertha Meyer, Theo Brown, Evelyn Goddard, Gertrude Waterman, Ora Young, Crittie Young and Maud Young, Frank McClish, Edwin Graves, Fred Young, Edwin Kent, Harry Madeira, Carrol Waterman, George Cummings, Herbert Banks, Herbert Amesbury, Hurwood Griffith, Homer Coolidge, Ralph Williams, Melville McDonough, Merrill Miller, Lewis Green, Floyd Bailey, Royal Vitousek, Renaldo Jeffry, Chester Ferguson and John Fisher.

ALUMNI RECEPTION

The annual reception and ball given by the Alumni Association in honor of the Senior Class will take place Monday evening, June 29th. This is always the leading social event of the year and this will be one of the most popular ever given. No effort is being spared by the Association to make it a great success in every way. The decorations will outrival those of the past years, and the music will be furnished by well known musicians from the bay city, with Professor Smith as leader. The Seniors appreciate the efforts that are being put forward for their pleasure and will trip the light fantastic with joyful heart. Mr. Ezra Will will manage the ball, which will take place immediately

following the reception. Mr. Will has been president of the Association for a number of years and is an efficient manager.

The class of 1908 have had the lion's share of pleasures during their High School days, but they have earnestly endeavored to do their best in other matters as well. We realize that life is not made all for pleasure, and we hope that pleasures and

trials will be intermingled, in after life, in such a proportion that our sunset will be glorious.

A health to our future, a sigh for our past!

We love, we remember, we hope to the last,

And for all the base lies that the Almanacs hold,

While we've youth in our hearts we can never grow old.



A Fingle

Seventeen little Seniors—jolliest ever seen,
 Ruby laughed herself to death, and left sixteen.
 Sixteen obedient Seniors, sitting in class,
 Aubrey wouldn't read her papers—she had to pass.
 Fifteen wise Seniors an ex did take,
 Lewis didn't pass, just for a change to make.
 Fourteen witty Seniors some jokes did rit,
 Lily disappeared at once, for she it was they hit.
 Thirteen sportive Seniors playing baseball,
 Floyd was killed from a very bad fall.
 Twelve saintly Seniors on their way to Heaven,
 Frank lost his way—then there were eleven.
 Eleven foolish Seniors in Dolphy's den,
 Bertha was captured—then there were ten.
 Ten frightened Seniors going to Una's to dine,
 The Juniors waylaid Theo—the rest numbered nine.
 Nine naughty eights stayed out very late,
 Addie overslept herself—then there were eight.
 Eight dressed-up Seniors traveling to Devon,
 Hettie missed her train, so left only seven.
 Seven Senior shades on the banks of the river Styx,
 Wouldn't row Roy across, so there were six.
 Six meddlesome Seniors playing with a hive,
 Constance was stung—this left five.
 Five playful Seniors, swinging on a door,
 Rachel fell off and left but four.
 Four happy seniors swimming in the sea,
 A whale swallowed Chester, so there were three.
 Three dignified Seniors strolling in the Zoo,
 A grizzly bear hugged Jessie—now there are two.
 Two hungry Seniors feeding on a bun,
 Dallas choked, and left just one.
 Poor, lonesome Hurwod living all alone,
 Died the death of a string bean, and then there
 were none.





BURNS

DON'T FEEL HURT IF YOU ARE HIT

LIFE OF BURNS

Burns was a rank and unadulterated jack----- of the fourth degree His being was a sad accident for his descendants, and all with whom he came in contact. His bigoted and radical views upon all subjects in which he claims to have been interested is the outcome and by-product of infectious disease of the molecular hypothesis of the brain. All persons interested in the same will please call on your druggist for a few pointers upon this very interesting subject. He died at a ripe old age after several persecutions of his hearers.

CARLYLE'S ESSAY ON BURNS

Carlyle was a man who knew all about burns. There are many kind of burns, little burns and big burns, long burns and short burns, side burrs and sun burns. It was Burns' greatest delight to sit by the side of a Burn, and burn his side burns. While burning his side burns, the side of other burns was often burnt, thus making the little burns large burns. Burns also went in swimming in Burns, and his back was often burnt by the burning sun. When the burning sun burnt Burns' back, Burns' back burnt. Burns ran home to mama and in burning words told her of the back burn. His mama then burnt Burns by burning strokes from the Burns' paddle. Burns then burnt much midnight oil to write in burning words a burning attack on the mother Burns.

Carlyle's idea of Burns is limited, for he knew nothing of the burning burns that the mother burnt on his burnt back. As for me, I think that Carlyle, Burns and the whole burning bunch of Burns will burn when they die.

That's all I know about burns. Amen.

Prof. B. (in Physics)—“99 times out of 10 electricity will not set a house on fire.

REPORTS FROM CLASS '08

Great consternation was caused once upon a time when Aubrey came to school on time.

We notice among the real estate transfers this month that four square feet directly under each shade tree on the school grounds; NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, township 2, section 23, range 4 E, 20 S, have been deeded over to our classmate Floyd Bailey to be made use of in his favorite way.

While playing “Heidleburg” one morning Het-tie struck one of the keys too hard, and now we have to leave out that note every time we sing it.

Action of potassium iodide on sulphur—This reaction usually takes place in the dark and is accompanied by a small, smacking explosion. Caution, KI plus 2S=KISS.

Stranger—“What's your name?”

Dr.—“Wood.”

Stranger—“And your wife's name?”

Dr.—Why, Wood of course.”

Stranger—“Any Kindling?”

Percy—“My father occupies a chair of applied pyhsics at ‘Arvard’.”

Jimmie—“Chee thats nuting, me brudder occupied a chair of applied electricity at Sing Sing.”

Teacher—“I hope you have a pleasant vacation and come back knowing more than you do now.”

Freshie (attempting to be polite)—“The same to you.”

Miss M.—(in Dutch)—“I'm tempted to give you another test this week.

Voice (in back of room)—“Yield not to temptation.”

Mr. H.—“Tweed was sent to Sing Sing.”

A. C.—“Why didnt' they keep himin this country?”

THE OPERETTA

A Freshie for his ticket had not paid,
For his lady frined he owes.
No wonder he thought it was a fire,
He saw so many lengths of hose.

Little games of Crusoe, little steins of beer,
makes the thot of sheepskins quickly disappear.

K. S., (About 2:30 a. m., after a gentleman
caller had just taken his leave)—Dragging Byron
out from under the sofa.—“It’s the little things
that tell.”

Doctor (Visiting a boy who has swallowed three
nickles, four dimes and penny)—“How is the boy?”
Anxious mother—“No change yet, Doctor.”

Willie ate a tablet the family doctor gave, and
now he has a big one on his little grave.—Ex.

“Are your folks well to do?”
“Naw they’re hard to do.”—Ex.

Day after the Frat. high jinks. Miss L.—“What
became of Homer?” (meaning the poet). F. B.
’08—“He hasn’t got up yet.”

Mule in a barnyard, lazy and slick,
Boy with a pin at the end of a stick,
Sneaks up behind him quiet as a mouse—
Crepe on the door of the little boy’s house.—Ex.

The Junior had a little book,
It’s leaves were white as snow,
He wrote his answers in it,
So he’d be sure to know;
He brought the book to school one day
To help him in an exam,
But the teacher stood behind him,
So it wasn’t worth a d—.

“You’re under arrest,” said the policeman,
“charged with voting twice.” “Charged am I? I
expected to be paid.”

He—“What did your father say, darling, when
you told him my love was like a broad rushing
river?”

She—“He said ‘Dam it’ ”

One hundred years ago today
With wildernesses here;
With powder in his gun, the man,
Went out to hunt the deer;
But now the thing has changed somewhat
And is on another plan,
With powder on her cheeks
The dear goes out to hunt the man.—Ex.

He failed in Latin,
Flunked in Chem—
They softly heard him hiss,
Id’ like to find the man who said
That ignorance is bliss.—Ex.

She—I don’t see how the Freshmen keep their
little caps on.”
It.—“Vacuum Pressure.”—Ex.

They met on the bridge at midnight,
They never met again—
For she was a Jersey heifer,
And he was a west bound train.—Ex.
I rose with alacrity
To offer her my seat;
’Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.—Ex.

Who was the first electrician in the Bible?”
Noah, because he made the ark light on Mt. Aarat.

A romance in correspondence—Sir—My Dear
Sir—Dear Edward—My Dear Edward—My Little
Lump of Sugar—My dear—Dear Edward—Dear
Friend—Dear Mr. Edward—Dear Sir—Sir.—Ex.

Here’s to Aubrey, our Senior pride,
Who went one night for a horseback ride.
It had never been ridden out at night,
So the light of the moon gave it quite a fright;
But Aubrey could ride a steed, of course,
So she managed wonderfully her moonstruck horse.
(Found in a dictionary). —Composed by T. B.

Marks—“Say, old man, did I ever tell you about
the awful fright I got on my wedding day?”

Parks—“S-sh, No one should speak like that
about of his wife.”

A. C. ’08—“Pass the dynamo through the liquid
(meaning current of electricity.)





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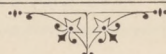
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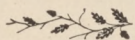
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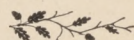
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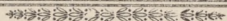
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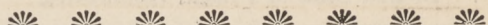
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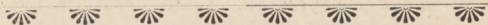
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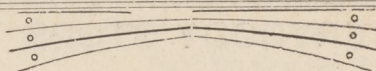


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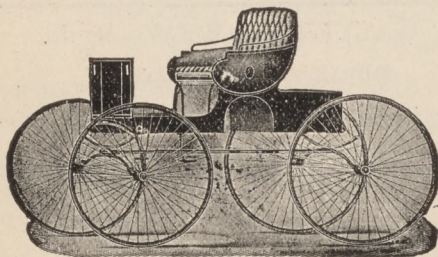
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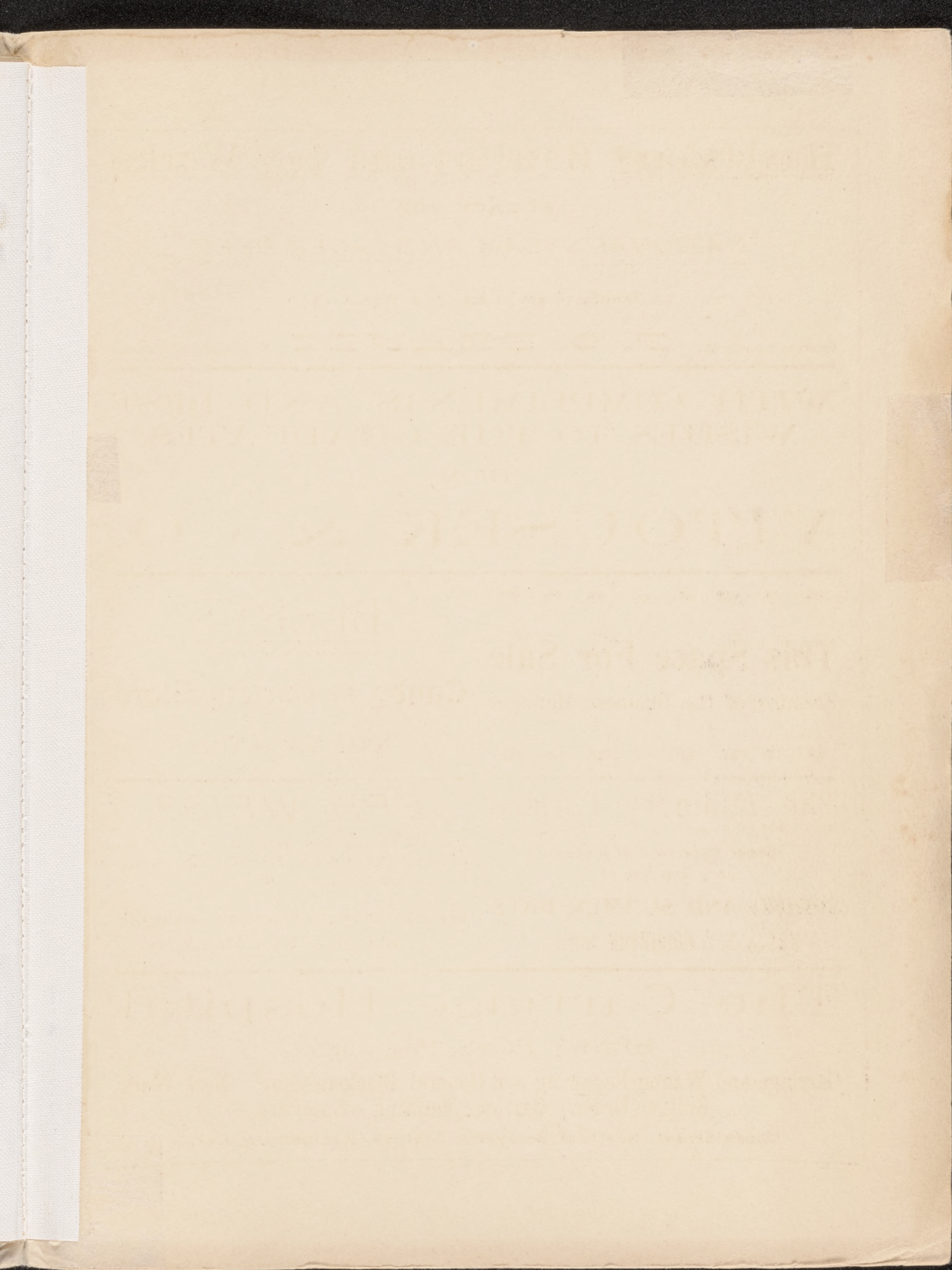
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4. Salutation
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5. Orchestra
6. Valedictory.....“The Weakest
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7. Violin Solo.....Selected
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JUDGE EMMET SEAWELL
9. Piano Solo, Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6..Liszt
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11. School Song.....
12. Orchestra



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